Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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"CRACK-THE-WHIP."

BY MARGARET H. LAWLERS.

THIRTY little urchins
Standing in a row;
Spotless knickerbockers,
Collars white as snow;
Trusting all so firmly
In the leadership
Of their tallest comrade—
See them "Crack-the-whip!"

Moving, waving slightly,
Eyes with mirth ashine,
See them at the signal
Straighten down the line!
Now with deeper breathing,
Taking firmer grip—
Clear the way—they're ready!
So they "Crack-the-whip!"

Thirty little urchins
Scrambling in the dirt
('Tis a special mercy
Nobody is hurt).
Tumbling o'er the playground
See them rock and dip,
Ringing peals of laughter—
O, but where's the whip?

By the pants and jackets,
Stockings full of clay,
Snowy collars rumpled,
Buttons flown away,
Hats and caps and garters
Scattered, are they tracked,
Telling all too plainly
That the whip is cracked!

OLIVE MANNING'S S'PRISE PARTY.

BY MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

THE grammar school girls in York had had a very gay winter. There had been as many as six surprise parties, gotten up with the consent and aid of as many mothers, who had given parlors, dining-rooms, and personal supervision to these innocent entertainments.

Letty Foster had projected most of them. She was a natural leader, quick, bright, and with a gift for "organizing," which promised well, her mother thought, for future "ladies' aid" and "missionary" societies.

But Letty was rather tired, and had proclaimed that the gayeties of the season were over. One day, however, she sat idly watching the other girls, and happened to notice Olive Manning, who was bending over her arithmetic, wrinkling her forehead over one of its "prize puzzles." Being idle she had time to think of what her mother had said about the Manning children looking so thin, as though they lacked nutritious food. Yes, Olive certainly had that appearance, and Letty's heart was touched as she wondered how it would seem to be really hungry. She remembered that Olive had not been at all of the parties, and when she had been, had worn her school dress, and saved her cake and fruit for the twins—the "little Manning twins," as the neighbors called them.

Thinking of all these things a bright idea dawned in Letty's fertile brain, which was communicated, as soon as school closed, to Laura Holman and Kate Anderson in one corner of the cloak-room.

Laura tossed her head, drew down the corners of her mouth, and ejaculated,

"In that little bit of a house? You never *could!*"

But Kate agreed with Letty that "it would be too nice for *any thing*," and after consulting some of the other girls, quoting the "golden rule," and dispensing a little good advice, Letty hurried home and announced that there was to be a "s'prise party on Olive Manning next Friday night."

"Why, I thought you were through 's'prising' for this winter," said her mother.

"But, you know, this is different," said Letty, in her usual breathless style. "They don't have things that are nice to eat—you said so yourself, you know; and there are so many of them, and no good times to speak of, though Olive says they are thankful they can all go to church, for there *have* been times when they couldn't. And Nora and Dely work on half-time now, so, of course, *they* don't earn very much, and I wouldn't wonder if they're having pretty hard times."

Mrs. Foster smiled.

"Well, a surprise visit will be helpful, no doubt, especially as the company generally eat all they carry, and all that the mothers provide besides."

Letty drew a long breath.

"Well, mother, we must carry more and eat less. I'll tell the girls. They must take whole cakes too. It looks *too* stingy to take a few slices on a plate—even on Belle Hammond's hand-painted plate. She carried one tart once, and the girls put it in a frame and charged a penny a peep. It was too funny for *any thing*," and Letty laughed heartily as she recalled the novel exhibition.

"We haven't done any thing for the Mannings since the twins were babies, and now they are three years old," said her mother, thoughtfully. "I must talk with the ladies and see what can be done."

"O, Mother Foster, let's have it all together, and carry clothes and—"

"No, no, Miss Impetuous!" interrupted her mother. "You have your party, and be as surprisingly generous and cordial as you know how to be; but don't let Olive think you are dispensing charity. Let Nora or Dely know you are coming, and then go just as you would to Kate Anderson's."

The next day Letty ran down the street where the knitting mill was, in time to meet Dely on her way to dinner and tell her the plan.

"And don't you tell Olive, nor cook any thing, nor make yourselves any trouble," she said, in conclusion.

Dely hurried home to tell her mother and Nora, and they all agreed it would be very nice for Olive, although, of course, they began immediately to wish that the sitting-room was larger, and the carpet brighter, and, above all, that the man

who owned the house would ever put on fresh paper. It is surprising how different every thing seems when we look at it through other people's eyes. But they did what they could, and the little house was in nice order when Olive came home Friday afternoon.

"Why, I should think somebody was coming, you are fixed up so," said she, and then, with a younger sister's surprising acuteness, exclaimed, "O I know now, it's that Whiting fellow coming to see Nora!"

Nora, with very red cheeks, was about to deny this "soft impeachment," but her mother whispered,

"Let her think so!"

Olive, however, was already thinking of something else, and suddenly jumping up she revolved before them.

"Now look me all over, and see what's the matter," said she. "Is there any thing on my face? or is there a hole in my elbow? Let me turn around slow. Now, do you see a rip anywhere?"

"Why, no," said Dely, after careful scrutiny; "you're all right, I guess. You look like the rest of us—'poor but respectable.'"

"Well, then, I don't know what ailed the girls. They have been whispering and looking at me all day, and I think it's *real mean*," and with a tearful sigh poor Olive threw herself upon the old lounge, where she was immediately surrounded by Benjie, and Gustavus and Adolphus, the twins. These three small boys gave their intimate friends very little time to indulge in "moods," especially when they combined their forces, so Olive was soon up again helping to prepare supper.

They had "fried liver" that night, and "nice sweet skim-milk," as the mother said, encouragingly, when Benjie sniffed at it, and whined for some of "that nice cake they said was coming."

Olive wondered why Nora clapped her hand over the little fellow's mouth, and why the table was cleared so quickly, and Benjie and the twins washed and brushed so carefully. But the mystery was soon explained. About half past six there was a loud rap at the front door, to which Dely responded, admitting a crowd of laughing girls, who filled the little sitting-room, and called for Olive in an enthusiastic chorus.

"Why, girls!" she cried, "I didn't think you would give *me* a surprise. Isn't it nice?" and her lips twitched so obstinately that she was glad to bend over little Gustavus, who was himself bending over Letty's big basket.

"All the baskets and bundles must go into the pantry, Dely," said Commander Letty; and then Nora took the girls into a tiny bedroom to remove their wraps, and by that time Olive was herself again, quite ready to make the most of this delightful happening.

And what a good time they had! They examined all the photographs on the little table, and the old "tintype" album, as full of marks from baby fingers as of pictures, looked over Olive's advertising cards, played games, and heard Adolphus and Gustavus "speak pieces" and sing together. The twins, having the family honor to maintain, did their best; and their round faces, framed in yellow curls, grew rosy as their "lisping accents" were loudly applauded.

Best of all, Laura Holman, who was a "born aristocrat," sat down at the wheezy little organ that Dely rented by the month, and played her very choicest, latest, and most difficult "rhapsodie." Letty noticed how deftly she "skipped" when the music ran off at both ends of the little instrument, and made up for lacking keys by a liberal use of the "knee-swell." Olive's father and mother sat in the kitchen doorway and listened with rapt attention, a better applause than Laura would have received from her teacher had he been present.

And then the supper! Thanks to Letty, there were no lone tarts to frame. She had brought a roasted chicken and loaf of bread, which were slyly slipped under a tin pan, "for breakfast," she explained; and besides, there were five whole cakes and frosted doughnuts and spicy cookies and piles of sandwiches.

Benjie, mindful of his good behavior, walked about with his hands clasped behind him, his eyes growing larger and larger as the baskets were unpacked, while the twins, grasping their mother's dress, one on either side, begged for "choc'lit-candy cake."

They were served in "picnic" style, and ate until fully satisfied, and then there was enough left to awaken visions of plenty for several days.

"This is the very best party we have had this winter," said the girls as they kissed Olive good-night.

And they meant it too, for they knew, every one of them, that they had been doing a kindly deed, which was appreciated all the more because it was so cleverly disguised.

"Queer how people get along in such little rooms, isn't it?" asked Laura, as they hurried home in the moonlight.

"Yes," answered Kate, "and I could smell fried meat, or something of the sort, when I went in. Mother thinks it is *dreadful* to have the odor of food in our parlor."

"But there *are* people who have to live and sleep in the room where all their cooking is done," said Letty, sagely.

"Well," said Belle Hammond, in her high, thin voice, "we gave them enough good things to-night to last them *one* while."

"Yes, *we* did," and Lou Small nudged Letty, who whispered in return,

"Now, don't be sarcastic. Belle carried a whole cake to-night."

"It was real fun to watch the twins," said Kate. "I only wish the cake would last a month. But I've been thinking, Letty, that our Fred's out-grown dresses and things would fit them nicely, and there's a big box full up stairs."

"Splendid!" ejaculated Letty. "Bring them over to-morrow if your mother is willing, and I will go down with you. I see the dawn of better days for Gustavus and Adolphus."

The girls were dropping off one by one as their homes were reached, and soon only Letty and Laura remained. They lived on the same street, and as they walked slowly under the bare trees, Letty said,

"I think it was lovely of you to play your best music to-night on that old rattle-te-bang organ."

Laura laughed.

"It sounded funny, didn't it? But, Letty, you don't know how I felt to see how they tried to make the best of their poor things. It seemed almost wicked for me to have so much, and Olly so little. *You* can understand them, Letty, and make things pleasant, but I can't do any thing but play, so you see I had to do my share in that way."

"But it was nice to play your *best* piece," persisted Letty. "Some girls would have made a little jingle, and scolded about the organ, and made them feel just wretched. Mother says it is a great thing to have accomplishments that are *useable*."

They were at Laura's gate now, and as she swung it open she responded,

"There's no danger but that you will use *your* accomplishments, Letty. You'll always be coaxing people into some benevolence. You would do well to have a sign put up,

"'Letty Foster, Originator and Leader.'"

"Limited," said Letty, with a happy trill in her voice, as she ran across the street.

SPEAK, History! Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say—
Are they those whom the world called victors, who won the success of a day?
The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?—*W. W. Story.*

CHILI AND THE CHILIANS.

BY WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

First Letter.

When Diego de Almagro, after his long and painful journey in the winter of 1535 along the western slopes of the Andes, entered the northernmost confines of Chili, coming from Peru, he found a land poor enough according to Spanish standards of wealth. Gold did not cover the surface of the ground as he had been assured it did, to be had merely for the picking. Neither was it to be found in sumptuous barbaric temples like those of Peru, the simple reason being that none such existed in the country. True, the valleys upon which the Spanish conqueror descended after his hard march through the snows of the Cordillera were green and pleasant to look upon. They offered delightful solace after the hardships and fatigues of that dreadful journey wherein the Spanish cavaliers had seen themselves obliged to keep up life by feeding on the frozen corpses of their faithful horses, and the Indian auxiliaries had even been reduced to the extremity of eating their dead companions. But restful ease, however delightful, was not what the Spanish discoverer came in search of. He wanted gold, and he found it not. He felt that he had been grossly imposed upon by his companion in discovery, Pizarro. That unscrupulous adventurer, anxious to rid himself of Almagro's presence during the division of the spoils in Peru, and secretly trusting that he might never return, had prevailed on him to undertake the discovery of a fabulously wealthy country said to lie southward from Peru, and which afterward became known under the name of Chili.

"If that land be not what it is represented to be," he added, hypocritically, "return, and we will divide Peru like brothers!"

Almagro's confiding nature had suspected nothing. He had collected men and money for the expedition, had braved dangers of every description during the march, and after a six months' journey of toil and suffering, opposed by the aborigines at every step, marching on foot the greater part of the way, had reached Chili only to find verdant pasture lands where he had hoped to gather gold, groups of miserable hovels where he had expected splendid cities such as those of Peru. Naturally he was both disappointed and indignant. His first impulse was to turn right round and march straight back by the very way he had come, and demand from Pizarro his lawful share of the Peruvian spoils. Before yielding to this impulse, however, he deemed it prudent to explore farther in the hope that something more promising might be found to the south. So, while remaining himself with the weaker of his companions in the north to recruit their shattered strength, he sent south one of his lieutenants. After an absence of three months this lieutenant returned bringing a woeful account of the poverty of the land. He reported that the inhabitants were wretched, squalid Indians, who lived in miserable huts scattered here and there throughout the country, often in the midst of bogs and swamps. Not a sign could he find of the wealth and splendor of Peru. This settled the question for Almagro. Turning northward he retraced his way to Peru, taking this time the road which led through the desert of Atacama. Once arrived there, Pizarro refused to surrender to him his legitimate share of the spoils, and civil war ensued in which the unfortunate Almagro lost his life.

This historical preamble, entertaining as it may be found of itself, has not been introduced, however, solely for the sake of its purely intrinsic interest. The Spanish adventurer was right. Chili was not the country for him. Her wealth, unlike that of Peru, lay not on or near the surface, but deep down in the bowels of the earth. Peaceful arts must flourish, the soil must be tilled and irrigated, deep shafts must be sunk in the rich mineral districts, before the wealth of the land could be made to yield. Where the military adventurer with his saber and carbine could find nothing, the sturdy colonist with his plow, spade, and pick might do much. Almagro little thought, as he retraced his way across the arid wastes of the desert to the north of Chili, that beneath his very feet lay untold wealth which the peaceful enterprise of succeeding generations was destined to bring to light in the shape of extensive nitrate, copper, and silver mines. Even in the very valley where he rested after his descent from the mountains, and from which he finally turned as land utterly worthless to him, the energy, patience, and skill of later generations has found a reward more than princely in the rich agricultural products of the soil. The traveler who climbs any one of the numerous hills which lie along the edge of this valley may see for miles around innumerable farms laid out in large quadrangular or rectangular blocks, rich in every product of semi-tropical and temperate zones, and stretching at times far into the side valleys, where they are lost in the depths of the hills. I have myself counted from one of these peaks not less than five hundred such farms, rich pasture lands, vineyards, and homesteads abounding in vegetable or dairy produce.

The valley of the Aconcagua is in fact the garden of northern Chili. From where the river starts amid the snows of the Andes to where it empties into the sea on the northern side of Valparaiso harbor—a course of some 100 miles or more—it flows through an agricultural district which it would be hard to surpass for fertility in the wide world. And yet it was from this self-same valley that the Spanish conqueror turned in disgust!

Fortunate indeed for Chili that her wealth did not resemble that of Peru. It is this fact that has made the country what it is. This is what has proved the salvation of her people. The comparative difficulty of obtaining the sustenance requisite for life has been what has called into play and developed their best energies. Unlike Peru, or at least in not nearly so great a degree, the hand-to-mouth, shiftless system of living, so characteristic of many South American peoples, is impossible here. Men must work in order to live. Nature does not provide for their wants spontaneously as in tropical regions. Prudence, foresight, energy, capacity, patience, all the virile virtues of our nature, are demanded, and they are seen in the *Chileno* to a degree far exceeding that of neighboring peoples. Not perhaps in so marked a degree as among the English or Americans, but still far above that of any other South American nation—unless it be the Argentine Republic, which lies in the same latitute south of the Equator.

I have sometimes heard this superiority, which is admitted on all hands by travelers in South America, attributed to a greater admixture of Spanish blood with the old aboriginal race. This may very possibly be, although my own observation and experience of the people would lead me to a diametrically opposite conclusion. Certainly the main stay of the country to-day is not to be found among the descendants of the old Spanish colonial families. They are the aristocrats or blue-bloods of the present generation, and go to swell the ranks of our priests, lawyers, and politicians. The real back-bone of the country, however—the mining, laboring, and agricultural class—is drawn from the common people, who are mainly pure descendants, although civilized, of savage ancestors. It is they who go to make our laborers, miners, farm-hands, and even artisans. They form the rank and file of our army and navy.

During the late war with Peru, the *roto* or common laborer was acknowledged on all hands to be the man who did the fighting. He proved to have inherited all the bellicose qualities of his Indian progenitors, subjected to the calmer discipline of civilized warfare. The true cause of Chili's predominance, then, is to be formed, not in the greater admixture of Spanish blood, but in the climatic influences to which I have already referred, and in an inherent superiority of the old aboriginal race. Certainly the old Spanish conquerors found them the toughest set of fighters they had met as yet in the New World. Full quarter of a century of unremitting warfare

had passed before the northern and central tribes were reduced to any thing like subjection; while in the south there remained a nation of tribes—the Araucanian—which for three hundred years and more successfully defied the power of the invader. Only within the last year, with the introduction of a new railway through their territory, have they finally submitted; and even yet every now and then rumors of a supposed uprising startle the communities of the frontier.

In color the people are naturally swarthy, although every shade of complexion may be found amongst them, ranging from the tawny, copper-colored descendant of the aboriginal Indian to the fair sons and daughters of Andalusia. It is no uncommon sight to meet in the streets of Valparaiso or Santiago faces which might vie even with those of fair Maryland or Kentucky; but it will generally be found on inquiry that such are the result of intermarriage with European or North American fathers. The native ladies, pure and simple, are generally pale in color, with jet black eyes and hair to match. These, however, belong solely to the upper classes. Amongst the lower classes a rich olive brunette color predominates.

In disposition the people are by nature peaceable—at least within the limits of their own country, where they are taught to respect the majesty of the law. Outside, in Peru and other South American countries, where law is not so strictly enforced, they have a more dangerous reputation. But the mixture of Spanish and Araucanian blood is at best an inflammable one. Not uncommonly in their street broils in the larger cities one may see them whip out a knife with a dangerous gleam in the eye which bodes ill for their antagonist. These, however, are rarely used with fatal effect, unless the men happen to be in their cups. In such cases the stabbing affrays are apt to be more serious. Sunday being a day of rest, is for the masses merely a day of jollification, and in consequence Monday's papers generally contain one or two accounts of some dangerous fracas.

The politeness and hospitality of the Chilian people have been often commented upon. Even amongst the lower classes one finds a polish and refinement of manners which, considering their surroundings, are simply marvelous. Especially is this the case among the country people or peasants. They may inhabit the meanest thatched tumble-down ranche imaginable, sleeping on a fire-baked floor, eating out of a common olla, yet they will treat the stranger who calls with a courtesy and good breeding which might do credit to far more pretentious mansions.

They are, however, still lamentably backward in the matter of education, and although the government has done much to remove this by founding public schools in country as well as city, much remains yet to be done. The power of the priests is not yet broken amongst the country peasants. In the cities and larger towns, on the other hand, especially in such coast cities as Valparaiso, where a large foreign element resides, things are very different. Here education is more easily obtained; the priests are openly ridiculed and lampooned; foreign ideas unconsciously filtrate through the different strata of society, widening views and increasing knowledge. But alas! as every good must have its corresponding evil, what they gain in education they often lose in politeness. As a rule, however, it may be said that the people are light-hearted, mirth-loving, and bright, never at a loss for a witty answer, and like the typical Irishman, equally ready either for a laugh or a fight.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
—*Alexander Pope.*

It is a miserable state of mind to have few things to desire and many things to fear.—*Francis Bacon.*

A man that is young in years may be old in hours.—*Francis Bacon.*

THE YOUNG KUKLUX KLAN.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

II.—Its Discomfiture.

"Now, boys, let's hurry up before any one sees us. Here's the barrel, and here's the powder for the squibs. Where's the spade?"

"And the ax to cut boughs?"

"Here 'tis. Now, every body carry something. Stop—who's that calling?"

It was the voice of Tom's grandmother, and he ran from behind the barn to see what was wanted.

"O my dear boy," she said, "somebody has been telling me that some of those poor souls that have been putting up in the old house down in the hollow are sick. And I thought I'd better see about it a bit—see if we couldn't do something to make them comfortable. Can you go with me and carry my basket? Or, perhaps you have something else you want to do?"

Tom's heart sank a little at thought of the boys waiting behind the barn with all the tools and appliances by which they were to make their grove a worthy seat of mysterious rites, with a view to the early initiation of new members. But it was not in his gentlemanly nature to allow any thing to interfere with his loyal attention to his grandmother.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, heartily, "of course I'll go. Just let me tell the boys." He dashed around the barn to tell them that the plans for the afternoon were changed, and then joined his grandmother in her walk.

"It's a pretty place down here," she said, as they made their way through a sloping pasture into a fallow, then through a strip of woods which grew down almost to the edge of a little stream, "but damp, I always told your grandfather. It was the old tenant house, you see. For years there always seemed to be something ailing with the tenants, either ague or rheumatism or something else all the time. So at last your grandfather built the house up there on the rise and nobody's occupied the lower house since except poor tramps that come along—like these."

"They've been here quite awhile, haven't they?" asked Tom.

"Yes. So somebody told me. I've told your grandfather, sometimes, that he really ought to fix it up a bit, it's so forlorn and tumble-down, so it will be a better shelter for such poor wandering creatures; but he says he'd rather pull the whole thing down and not harbor such, which I tell him is hard-hearted and unchristian-like—and he a deacon in the church!"

"But, grandmother, folks says these boys that have been hanging about are a mischievous lot. They rob chicken roosts and such."

"Well, poor things! every one has to live somehow, you know, my boy. Though," she went on in a severe tone, in sudden alarm at the effect such an admission might exert on the morals of her grandson, "of course they all ought to be lodged in prison if they do such things as that! But we're not quite sure they do."

Tom felt pretty sure, as one or two ill-looking boys skulked away among the trees as they approached the house, which was as forlorn and tumble-down as the old lady had pictured it. But all speculation as to roguery passed from their minds as they entered. A woman pale and pitiful-looking was trying in a half-helpless way to tuck some morsel of ragged covering about a big boy who was shaking in a severe ague chill. His drawn and pinched features and the dark lines about his eyes betokened real suffering.

Grandmother Plummer's energies always found happy play in a sick-room, but here the absolute lack of all appliances of comfort seemed at first to disconcert her. She hastily felt the boy's pulse and laid a kindly hand on his forehead.

"Break up a bit of dry wood, quick, Tom—and make a morsel of fire—no, in the shed. Not in here, for he'll be hot

enough, poor boy!—in an hour or two. We'll soon get something hot to his feet, and give him a drop of warm tea."

Tom worked away with a will, and soon had the satisfaction of hearing the old kettle sing.

"Now, dear, run up to the house and ask Deborah for a gray blanket out of the closet. And bring a fan, Tom. And a lump of ice, too."

He was back with the blanket in time for its warmth to be grateful for awhile before the fever set in, and was of further assistance in heating water.

"Now we'll go," said his grandmother, at length. "I know you wanted to get out with those boys. You'll have time yet."

She made a few more arrangements for the comfort of the sick ones, and then Tom escorted her home. But he had little heart to seek out his companions again. The picture of the ailing boy, upon whose cheek a flush had already began to rise, was continually before him, and but a short time elapsed before he was again at his side. Very kindly he spoke to him as he tossed in the restlessness of high fever and raging headache, laying cool cloths on his head, giving him ice-water and fanning him until he fell into a doze; then stole quietly out with a whispered promise to the mother that he would come to-morrow to see how he was.

Bad weather set in and the frolic in the woods was postponed for several days. By the time the June sunshine beamed again it became understood that Jim Brand, the Grand Titan of the Invisible Realm, had gone away on an early summer tour. This made necessary an evening meeting of the Klan for the purpose of selecting some one to fill his place, which matter being happily arranged, the members set out on a round-about way home.

"The moon rises late to-night," said the Grand Wizard, "so we can go where we please, without being seen."

"Keep quiet along here, though!" said the Grand Turk. "This is old Rouk's market garden. He's the glummest, growliest, snarliest old fellow you ever saw. If he should catch us it would be all up with the Kuklux Klan."

"Hark!" exclaimed the Grand Cyclops, under his breath.

A low whistle was heard proceeding from a clump of trees not far distant. It was answered from an opposite direction. The Klan as one man dropped down beside the hedge by which they were walking.

"Who can it be?"

"Hush!" They waited in dead silence, and soon heard another whistle from a still different point.

"Old Rouk can't be every-where," whispered the Grand Wizard.

"I know!" exclaimed the Grand Dragon. "It's chicken thieves. Old Rouk's had a lot of things stolen lately—strawberries, and chickens, and things, and he vows he'll have the law out of the first one he can catch. Watch, now!"

They waited so long that they began to fancy their ears had deceived them, when a dark figure arose from a clump of bushes and stole quietly near. He was evidently a scout, for he skulked cautiously from shelter to shelter, peering into every shady corner, once passing so near the hidden Klan that its discovery appeared certain. But the search seemed satisfactory, for another low whistle came, this time in a double note, which was again answered from different directions. Then four shadowy forms gathered near the old man's chicken house.

The Grand Wizard leaned against the fence in his excited desire to see, causing a slight rustle, at which the prowlers immediately sank down out of sight, when another long period of waiting followed. At length they arose, and finally disappeared in the chicken house.

"Now, then!" said the Grand Wizard, "we must have those fellows. There's one apiece for each of us, and one to spare. And they'll be scared and we sha'n't, which makes it better for us. Now—as still as mice. We must steal up to the door, and as fast as they come out we must each pounce on a fellow —"

"And holler!" said the Grand Turk.

"Yes, for we want to bring out old Rouk and his man to get hold of the thieves, and then we'll all disappear just as if we had melted into the ground. Come on. I'll grab the first one that comes out, you the next one, Harry, and Jack and Harve the next two, and George help the fellow that needs it most."

A little commotion had begun among the awakened chickens by the time the Klan had gallantly moved toward the foe. They crept near, intending to wait until the thieves should come out, when Tom peeped in and perceived that they were ruthlessly wringing the necks of the innocent creatures inside, with view to getting away as quietly as possible. In sudden anger at the cruelty he flung wide open the door with a shout of defiance.

An agile young fellow threw him flat on the ground and leaped past him with one bound.

"Grab him!" cried Tom, springing up and closing with the next one. He held bravely on, in spite of a torrent of blows and kicks, with which his antagonist strove to get away with his booty. Tom fought like a hero, determined to secure both.

"Keep it up, boys!" he cried to his friends, encouraging them with every breath he could draw, as he could hear them maintaining their share of the scuffle.

"Hold on—never give up."

But superior size and strength at length got the better of bravery, and just as deeper voices were heard among them Tom's antagonist violently wrenched himself out of his hold leaving the chickens in his hand.

Then a grasp like a vice settled on his arm, and he was held still by the powerful hand of Mr. Rouk. All sounds of discord had suddenly died away. The thieves, with a portion of the Klan, had melted into the ground as suddenly as the whole of it had expected to, and no one was near except the Grand Cyclops held by Mr. Rouk's hired man.

"Ah!" said Tom, trying his best to speak steadily and politely after the severe handling he had received. "I was hoping, Mr. Rouk, to hand over some of those rogues to you, but I've only got a few of your poor chickens, you see."

"Yes, I see!" said Mr. Rouk, giving him a shake, to which the touch of the boy had been but child's play. "I've caught you at last, you thievin' young rascal. Look here," becoming still more enraged at sight of half a dozen strangled fowls lying on the ground. "You'll answer well for all this, I can tell you."

"Do you mean that you think I'm a thief?" asked Tom, firing up in astonishment and indignation.

"Well, mayhap there's some politer name for chicken stealers," said his captor, with another shake, "but I aint heerd it?"

Stop that!" cried Tom, in a voice choked with anger. "I'm 'Squire Plummer's grandson, and this is Jack Barrow. We heard the thieves about your place and were trying to catch them."

"Like enough, like enough," said Mr. Rouk, "and if you aint catched 'em we have, certain sure. 'Squire Plummer's grandson, be ye? Well, it aint the first time a poor shoot's come of good stock. What business you a-catchin' *my* thieves, hey! What business boys like you a-prowlin' round this time o' night if you haint up to mischief, I'd like to know! Come now, give some account of yourselves if you can."

"Why, we're a—we boys—" Tom stammered, and then stopped in dire dismay as his questioner impatiently waited. How could he explain any thing? They had all given a solemn promise to hold sacred the secrets of the Order until absolved by agreement of all the Klan—and where was Jim Brand, the Grand Titan?

"Aint you going to let us go home?" he asked, in new alarm as he was pulled toward a barn door.

"Not quite yet, my hearties. Them chickens is some of my best Plymouth Rocks. There's the vally of fifteen dollars 'n'

more in them necks you've wrung, and I'm going to have satisfaction for 'em."

"But—my grandfather will make it right with you," said Tom, in despair, as he was thrust into a door, Jack also protesting vigorously against such treatment as he was forced to follow him.

BE WARY.

THE smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean
Will leave a track behind for evermore;
The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
We should be wary, then, who go before
A myriad yet to be; and we should take
Our bearings carefully, where breakers roar
And fearful tempests gather; one mistake
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake.

—*Selected.*

A FAMOUS JOURNALIST.

BY E. S. NADAL.

I HAVE no doubt that a certain proportion of the readers of OUR YOUTH intend to be journalists—some wisely, some unwisely. Next week I wish to say something about the qualities which fit men to be journalists, and of the ideas and aims with which journalism should be entered upon. In the present article I propose to give the reader an account of one who was a concrete example of these ideas and aims. This was Samuel Bowles, editor of "The Springfield Republican," whose life has been of late so ably written by Mr. Merriam.

Mr. Bowles was a man who added to great native fitness for the journalistic career great experience in it. He was hardly a representative of the highest class of journalists. That distinction must be reserved for men like Greeley and Cobbett, who use the press as a means of bringing to bear upon the world their own powerful minds and characters, who, indeed, may almost be considered as great authors, taking current events as their theme, and newspapers rather than books as their medium of expression. Neither can be considered as one of those men of less popular but highly original minds, who exert a deep influence within a limited sphere, like, for instance, the late Walter Bagehot, editor of the London "Economist." Mr. Bowles, of all the men of his day, was perhaps the one who best understood the art of making a newspaper. He was also, however, an effective and beneficial leader of public opinion.

Mr. Bowles may be said to have been a journalist almost from the cradle. In 1824 his father came up the Connecticut River in a flat boat, bringing with him a wife and baby and a small hand printing-press. On September 8 of that year the elder Bowles set up "The Springfield Republican" as a weekly newspaper. Of this sheet the elder Bowles appears to have been proprietor, publisher, editor, reporter, compositor, and pressman all in one. It started with 250 subscribers at $2 a year, and grew by stages to a modest prosperity which seems to have contented the Bowles household until some twenty years later, when their aspiring son persuaded his father to change the weekly to a daily.

Young Bowles appears to have received the sort of education common in New England homes of fifty years ago. The four apprentices of the newspaper lived in the Bowles family —Sam sharing his bed with the youngest of them. The family had breakfast at six the year round, and work was begun by seven. Sam—Mr. Bowles was never called any thing else until the day of his death—united with his studies at school the usual chores of a Yankee lad. He drove the cows to pasture and carried the "Republican" to the subscribers. He went to school until he was seventeen years old, learning the common English branches, and in Latin getting far enough to read portions of Cæsar, Virgil, and Cicero. He wished to go to college, but his father did not approve of the step.

His want of a college education was a matter of life-long regret to him. Indeed, it is easy to see that Mr. Bowles was not a man of culture. But I doubt if this fact was altogether due to his not having had a college education. That, no doubt, was a great deprivation, and he would have been better off for it. But it was true also that he began his life-work at too early an age. Had he spent three or four years at home, wholly or partly engaged in mental improvement, it would have been much better in the end. The father seems to have been somewhat to blame; he appears to have been able to send his son to college, and he must have known that Sam was the sort of boy to have profited by a college education.

But instead of going to college he became, at seventeen, the office boy in his father's establishment. The father had intended that Sam should learn the printer's trade; but he showed no gift for this work. Indeed, he seems to have been inexpert at all kinds of handiwork, having no turn even for those out-door games and sports in which boys delight. To the humbler duties of an office boy he soon added the writing of an occasional item, and in time performed pretty much every kind of work done on the paper, except that of writing editorials; these were contributed by persons outside the office.

We may have some notion as to what sort of a boy Sam Bowles was when we learn that in the year following his entering the office, when he was but eighteen, he succeeded in persuading his cautious father to issue a daily "Republican." This had been somewhat difficult to do, the father being very doubtful about the project. What the father thought of the son may be gathered from the language in which he gave his final consent:

"If you, Sam, will take the main responsibility of working and pushing it, the daily shall be started."

It was accordingly started, and the long toil of Sam Bowles's life began. It was very hard work. Mr. Merriam tells us that the alert mother used to set rocking-chairs at the table at meal times, saying,

"Mr. Bowles and Sam work so hard and have so little time to rest."

In the first year of his work upon the paper the youth had a breakdown in health, which compelled him to go South. From the South he wrote to the "Republican" a number of letters which were not smart or showy, but which, Mr. Merriam says, evinced the eye of a good observer and the pen of a good reporter. It was these letters that gave the Springfield public its first impression that "young Sam Bowles was a smart fellow." Bowles, it seems, was a slow boy. It was not till he had almost reached middle life that he exhibited that mercurial and magnetic quickness which we associate with his character. The earliest ability which he showed was the power to see a fact clearly, and describe it accurately. Mr. Merriam says:

"His big eyes—of so dark a brown they often seemed black—saw every thing that men were doing about him."

He was an upright young man, his only injurious indulgence being over-work. In 1848 Mr. Bowles made a marriage which proved a very happy and fortunate one. His wife was a Springfield young lady with whom he had been at school.

Sam Bowles entered upon the editorial career just at the time when journalism was passing from its old into its new stage. The old newspaper was a very dependent sort of thing. It was dependent upon its subscribers, or upon some party chief—often upon both. It was financially dependent upon its subscribers, whom it called its "patrons," to whom it was very deferential, and who, by the way, did not pay in advance. Its political opinions were those of the party chief of whom it was the organ or of the mass of the party to which it was attached. Mr. Bowles succeeded in changing this state of things so far as they affected the "Republican." He required his subscrib-

ers to pay in advance. It is odd to learn at this day that the change was regarded as an extremely hazardous one, it being an unheard-of thing for a country newspaper to do. The "Republican" was, of course, a party paper, but its editor's aim was to free himself, as much as possible, of the trammels of party, and to declare the truth as he saw it. To attain this independence he made great sacrifices. He would never allow himself to accept an office. This, no doubt, was a small deprivation. But he had to make some real sacrifices. In the discharge of his duty as a censor of public affairs he had to express opinions which wounded and estranged persons whose friendship he set store by. He often went counter to the prevailing local opinion and the general opinion of the hour. He purchased his liberty to do these things by making his paper so attractive that people had to buy it whether they approved of its course or not.

Every body knows what a great paper "The Springfield Republican" became, and what an influential and distinguished man Mr. Bowles was. It was from such beginnings and by such means as I have described that these results were reached. Next week I shall have something to say of the ideas and aims with which young men should enter upon the business of journalism.

CYRUS THE GREAT.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

When Cyrus the Great, king of Persia, was thirteen years of age, his mother, Mandana, took him with her into Media to the palace of his grandfather, Astyages, who, from the many things he had heard said in his favor, had a great desire to see him. In his court young Cyrus found morals and manners differing very widely from those prevailing among his own far more simple and Puritan people. Pride, luxury, and sensual indulgence reigned here almost supreme. Astyages himself was sumptuously arrayed and embellished with almost every conceivable variety of costly and dazzling decoration. All this finery and display, however, strange to say, seems to have produced but very little, if indeed any, effect upon the susceptible mind of young Cyrus. Careful neither to criticise nor condemn any thing he saw, he was yet quite content still to live in the same abstemious and temperate way he had been brought up.

Upon some occasion during this visit it appears that the king's cup-bearer, Sacas by name, had in some way incurred the resentment of the young prince. The consequence was, the latter naturally lost no opportunity or occasion for manifesting such resentment. Astyages one day having expressed some concern lest this studied neglect on the part of Cyrus should finally seriously disaffect and embitter, not to say utterly alienate, a valued and trusted official, one for whom, indeed, he cherished a peculiar regard in consideration of the singular dexterity with which he officiated as his cup-bearer, Cyrus said:

"Is that all, venerable father? Verily, if so inconsiderable a service as that can win such royal favor, you shall see how quickly I will win it for myself, for I will take it upon me in all respects to serve you better than he."

Whereupon, straightway equipping himself as a cup-bearer, and advancing with all proper gravity, with his napkin on his shoulder and his cup nicely balanced on his three fingers, Cyrus presented the latter to the monarch with a deftness and grace that won the heartiest applause from both the king and Mandana, his mother. Having done this in a not unnatural paroxysm of boyish glee, he threw himself upon his grandfather's bosom and kissed him. The latter, with unaffected fondness and pride embracing the boy, said:

"I am highly pleased, my dear child, with your performance. No one surely could have done better or served me more completely to my mind, save perhaps in one solitary particular."

"What is that, venerable father?"

"I refer to the ceremony of tasting—a very serious omission. How, indeed, did you know but the liquor you presented me might be poisoned? I presume, however," continued Astyages, "that the omission was simply an oversight on your part, and the result of a forgetfulness naturally incident to so novel a kind of business."

"Not at all," replied young Cyrus. "It was not the result of forgetfulness that I omitted this part of the ceremony."

"Why, then?" said Astyages.

"For the very good reason," responded Cyrus, "that I had the best of evidence that there was poison in the liquor."

"Poison, child!" exclaimed Astyages. "Why, what do you mean? Poison! and yet you do not hesitate to pass it to me."

"Yes, father," said Cyrus, "poison enough, I should say; for I perceived that, on the occasion of a late entertainment given to the lords of your court, when the guests had drunk a little of that liquor their heads were turned; and that many of the wisest of them, and even you yourself, O, most respected father, acted like a fool. Yea, I noticed that these guests hooted and sung and made all manner of strange and uncivilized noises; while, when your honor would fain have joined in the dance, it was with the greatest difficulty you could be kept upon your venerable legs. The one seemed to have quite forgotten that they were subjects, while the other seemed to be hardly more mindful that he was king."

"Why," said Astyages, "have you never seen the same thing happen to your own father?"

"Never," replied Cyrus, proudly, "never."

"What, then, pray, does happen to him when he drinks?"

"When he drinks? Why, I suppose his thirst is quenched. I am not aware that any thing more serious than this ever occurs."

I believe we are indebted for this excellent story to the Greek historian Xenophon, who it is said was somewhat given to romancing, even when professing to record veritable history; hence we are not absolutely certain that our story is a true one. It will be admitted, however, that it is good enough to be true; nay, more, that it is doubtless quite as authentic and historic as many other legendary tales that pass for history. Meantime, whether strictly authentic or not, it is quite credible; that is, it is quite in harmony with all that is known of the character and career of this truly most illustrious hero. The simplicity, sobriety, abstemiousness, and manly uprightness, understood to have adorned his boyhood and youth, continued no less to distinguish all the subsequent and very extraordinary career of this really "great" man. When, after having subdued all the nations from the Ægean to the Euphrates, he had become the founder and sole monarch of the great Persian empire, including the united kingdoms of Persia, Media, Parthia, Assyria, and Babylonia, Cyrus, we are told, continued the same noble, manly, modest, upright soul he had been in early life. Though some writers, to be sure, profess to discover great blemishes on his character, he may yet, I think, confidently be said to have been the George Washington of antiquity. Certain it is that he was most signally honored of old by Him who is the Lord of lords and King of kings.

Perhaps the most remarkable and memorable achievement of Cyrus the Great was his conquest of Babylon, fulfilling thus the prophecy of Scripture—himself the instrument in the hand of God of accomplishing the doom of the guilty Belshazzar, and putting an end forever to the dynasty he represented. This, his last and most glorious success, Cyrus more especially signalized by his famous edict (2 Chron. 36. 23), announcing the long-predicted emancipation of the Jewish exiles, and the return of the latter from their protracted and dreary captivity to their native land, and to the rebuilding of their ruined temple and their long-abandoned and desolate, but still fondly cherished, Jerusalem.

AN OLD FRIEND.

BY S. A. WILSON.

MANY years ago there fell into the hands of a solitary child in a quiet farm-house a book, which opened to her wondering eyes a new world, bright with "the light that never was on sea or land." In the soft sunshine of this enchanted region merry girls in gay-colored dresses danced on the green grass to the music of clinking castanets, noisy brooks laughed down the hill-sides, the hill-tops were crowned with dark castles in whose dusky courts tinkling fountains dripped their cool waters on marble floors. From the latticed window of a lofty tower fluttered a white handkerchief, watched by a dark-eyed cavalier, as his unheeded horse slowly stumbled along the rocky pathway.

At this day all these pictures, and many more, come trooping out of the dim recesses of the imagination at the sound of the word "Alhambra."

Not long after, another world was opened to the dreaming child, as unlike her quiet life in a western farm-house as was the world of Spanish hidalgos. No cavaliers with drooping plumes, no brilliant cavalcades flashing back the sunlight from glittering armor, pranced through these pages, but solid, well-fed English squires marched sturdily along, fully conscious of their rank and dignity. Travelers rolled along the highway in great lumbering coaches, whose driver cracked his whip about the ears of his four-in-hand, as much aware of his importance as the squire of his dignity. An atmosphere of happiness, merriment, and good cheer surrounded every body. The Christmas waits caroled in the frosty air of early morn. The stately Elizabethan mansion glistened with the green leaves and red berries of holly mingled with the branching sprays and pale berries of the mistletoe, and in the huge fire-place flamed and crackled the great yule-log. Delicious odors filled the air as the "savory goose," smoking roast, and Christmas pies were borne to the table by the white-haired butler, who had grown gray in the service of the family. And last of all flickered the ghostly blue flame of the burning brandy on the great plum-pudding reposing in state on its silver platter. What wonder that all this gayety at Bracebridge Hall fascinated an imaginative child not less than the gay romance of the fragrant gardens and decaying palaces of moonlit Andalusia?

Many years after, when the little farm-house had fallen into decay and long since been abandoned, and the child had grown to be a woman, her willing feet strayed into still another enchanted land. Here, in sheltered nooks, stood quaint houses built of black, red, and yellow bricks brought from Holland, and on each of the many gables revolved a glittering weather-cock. On the broad "stoops" of these gabled mansions sat solid old Dutch burghers smoking their pipes until they were almost hidden in a cloud of their own making. Fair, plump Katrinas tripped demurely along, their flaxen hair smoothed back from their foreheads under little, close-fitting quilted caps, their voluminous linsey-woolsey skirts, of their own spinning and weaving, short enough to allow a glimpse of a blue woolen stocking and a substantial shoe adorned with a silver buckle. From their waists, suspended by red ribbons, hung a pair of scissors, a round pin-cushion, and a gathered bag which served the purposes of a capacious pocket.

Calm and tranquil was this beautiful region, and phlegmatic and unimaginative were the good old Dutch burghers who dwelt therein. Yet through the quiet valley, on dark, windy nights, galloped with furious haste the headless horseman, back to the green grave-yard by the little white church under the overhanging trees. Or through the sleepy air came the roll and rumble of the nine-pins of Hendrick Hudson and his crew, playing their silent game among the lofty peaks of the Kattskill Mountains.

All these pleasant visions, widely as they differ, were conjured up by the same wonderful magician with his marvelous wand, his "gray goose-quill." Now, if "these pleasures do thee move," go hence and read Irving.

The works of Washington Irving, the first famous American author, "the mighty father of a mighty race," may be divided rather rudely into the three general classes before hinted at, which may be termed the Spanish, English, and American. There is an atmosphere of romance and poetry about the Spanish class, of which the Alhambra is the type, very captivating to an imaginative youth. There is a picturesqueness equally attractive about many of the English essays, such as the account of life at Bracebridge Hall, and the squire's endeavors to revive the old-fashioned Christmas customs. The palm for vigor, wit, and originality must be given to the American series. Here are the famous sketches of Rip Van Winkle and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. Here is the history of the renowned governors of the little village of New Amsterdam, where Walter the Doubter smoked and slept, William the Testy bustled about in a continual rage, and Peter the Headstrong stumped along on his wooden leg bound with silver.

But upon whatever theme Irving employed his pen, he surrounded it with the wonderful charm of his perfect style. More clear, pure, flowing English has never been written. So perfect is it that, as you read, it seems the simplest thing in the world to write in that manner—until you try it.

One familiar from childhood with the pure and simple style of writings like Irving's—which we call literature—will insensibly acquire a sound literary taste and judgment. He possesses a touchstone with which he will unconsciously test every page offered him. In the old days when Europe was a far-away land of the imagination, and the Atlantic Ocean measured its full three thousand miles and exacted respect accordingly, our school-readers used to contain Irving's essay on "The Voyage." We read and re-read, and wondered and dreamed about the mysterious sea and the unknown land beyond. When in the lapse of years I actually found myself on the deck of an Atlantic steamer and saw my native land fading away in the west, I mentally quoted the opening lines of Irving's essay: "To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. The temporary absence of worldly scenes and employments produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to new and vivid impressions. The vast space of waters that separates the hemispheres is like a blank page in existence. As I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and had time for meditation before I opened another."

And when our ship dropped her anchor on the eastern side of the broad expanse of the ocean, as I for the first time set my foot on that land of song and story, I repeated to myself Irving's closing sentence: "I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but felt that I was a stranger in the land."

Will our young people who are filling their fresh, young memories with ephemeral stories care to quote from them twenty years hence?

A STREET IN YANINA.

YANINA, the Albanian town, which is the object of the warlike preparations in Greece, was visited in 1830 by a young Englishman—Benjamin Disraeli. The letters which this traveler wrote to his father at home furnish vivid pictures of eastern life. This is his description of a street scene in Yanina:

At this moment a swarming population, arrayed in every possible and fanciful costume, buzzed and bustled in all directions. As we passed on a thousand objects attracted my restless attention and roving eye. Every thing was so strange and splendid that for a moment I forgot that this was an extraordinary scene, even for the East, and gave up my fancy to a full credulity in the now obsolete magnificence of Oriental life. Military chieftains, clothed in the most brilliant colors and most showy furs, and attended by a *cortége* of officers equally splendid, continually passed us; now for the first time a dervish saluted me, and now a Delhi with his high cap reined in his desperate steed, as the suite of some pasha blocked up the turning of the street. The Al-

banian costume, too, is inexhaustible in its combinations, and Jews and Greek priests must not be forgotten. It seemed to me that my first day in Turkey brought before me all the characteristics of which I had read, and which I expected I occasionally might see during a prolonged residence. I remember this very day I observed a Turkish sheik in his entirely green vestments; a scribe with his writing materials in his girdle; and a little old Greek physician, who claimed my acquaintance on the plea of being able to speak English; that is to say, he could count nine on his fingers, no further (literally a fact). I gazed with a strange mingled feeling of delight and wonder. Suddenly a strange, wild, unearthly drum is heard, and at the end of the street a huge camel, with a slave sitting cross-legged on neck and playing an immense kettle-drum, appears, and is the first of an apparently interminable procession of his Arabian brethren. The camels were very large; they moved slowly, and were many in number. I should think there might have been between sixty and a hundred. It was an imposing sight. All immediately hustled out of the way of the caravan, and seemed to shrink under the sound of the wild drum. This procession bore corn for the vizier's troops, encamped without the wall.

RAGGED HELPERS.

It is well worth noting that the street boy, who has grown up apart from most of the influences which we call Christian, sometimes shows a sense of honor and a feeling of sympathy which would do credit to creatures of more promising surroundings. A St. Paul paper relates an instance of manliness and helpfulness which cropped out in an unexpected quarter:

A blind man sat beside his hand-organ at the corner of Robert and Seventh Streets. He raised his sightless eyes and appeared to be waiting the arrival of some one, as his remaining senses told him that a storm was brewing.

A small boot-black came round the corner. His trousers, being too long, were rolled up at the bottom. His coat was also made for a boy of larger frame. He stuck his thumbs under his dilapidated suspenders and relieved himself of a mouthful of tobacco. Catching sight of the blind man, whose evident anxiety was pictured on his face, he ceased his swaggering gait and brought himself to a stand-still.

"Is that you, Willie?" queried the blind man.

"My name aint Willie," replied the street Arab.

"Can't you take me home? I'm 'fraid it's going to rain and Willie is late," continued the organ-grinder, getting ready to move at once.

"Bet your life I kin. Whar do you eat? Haint you made nothing today?" continued the boy, as he saw the man take two cent pieces from the tin cup on the organ and deposit them in his pocket. "Only made them two? Well, just wait a minit, till I call the 'kid.' "

A shrill whistle brought a still smaller boy, whose visible wardrobe was made for his companion.

"What's de racket, cully?" propounded the new-comer as soon as he was within speaking distance of his fellow-workman. The latter explained, and in a jiffy the two boys were out with caps in hand begging for the blind man, who stood as if half uncertain what was going on. The boys took different sides of the street and stopped every pedestrian, man and woman, and asked for a nickel to help the blind man.

As the rain began to fall they returned to their blind charge, and, having escorted him to a neighboring store for shelter, turned over to him the money which they had collected. It amounted to $1 65.

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

The Irish Brigade, commanded by Gen. T. F. Meagher, was one of the most famous and efficient organizations in the Union army during the late war. The peculiar character of the men, their Celtic courage and enthusiasm, and their attachment for their brave leader, marked their whole career. A former member of the brigade recounts some of his experiences in a long article which was published in the Chicago "Inter-Ocean," and from which these brief extracts are taken:

My first recollection of the brigade was at the crossing of a little stream about knee-deep. There had been considerable hesitation, a good deal of stringing out, and not a little grumbling at what our somewhat raw regiment thought a hardship. After a regiment which had made more than the usual amount of fuss came the head of a new command, and as the first company halted on the bank a striking figure rode up on a beautiful golden chestnut—a stalwart soldier, well-knit and admirably proportioned, dressed with unusual care, with clear blue eyes, ruddy color, and sharp, clean-cut profile of the typical Irish gentleman. He gave an order to the staff-officer beside him, and a nondescript band of ten or twelve pieces formed on the bank, and struck up the cheering strains of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

Meagher said a few sensible and soldierly words, and the Irishmen, many of them disdaining to take off their shoes or stockings, plunged in in solid sets of fours, and the passage of the brigade was made in the style of veterans. All this time the band was playing away for life "St. Patrick's Day," "Widow Machree," and the "Bould Soger Boy;" then "St. Patrick's Day" over again, followed by the others. It was at this time apparently the whole of their repertoire, but it did no end of good.

It was in the battle of Malvern Hill that a very young man by the name of Donovan, afterward a captain in the Forty-second Veteran Reserve Infantry, was wounded in such a manner as to involve the loss of an eye, and captured. He was brought before Gen. D. H. Hill, who, finding that he was an Irishman, reproached him for being there at all.

"What business," said he, "have you got down here fighting against us? It's no quarrel of yours, and a boy like you had much better be at home. If you'd stayed there you would have both of your eyes, instead of being maimed for life!"

"Well, general," said the youngster, "I'll go the other eye on it, and when that's gone, then I'll go it blind."

POINTS FOR WORKERS.

It is a well-known fact that Mr. Moody has established at Northfield, Mass., two schools for training Christian boys and girls. A Chicago paper gives an enthusiastic description of the place and of the methods employed to instruct and improve the minds of the pupils. The correspondent says:

During the summer Mr. Moody gives the boys Bible readings every morning, much to their gratification; also practical talks on speaking and Christian work in general. From one on public speaking, which was followed by a quiz, we remember these points:

1. Don't talk too much.
2. Don't talk unless you are posted.
3. Give the best you have.
4. Don't talk when people are asleep. Wake some one man and you will hold the rest.
5. Don't try to show off your learning.
6. Get hold of the most stupid man and you'll hold the rest.
7. Don't try, but don't be afraid, to make people laugh. Milk that slops one way will the other.
8. Be natural; don't try to be some one else.
9. Avoid cant and pulpit tones.
10. Don't talk too long. A man in London, who preached until the people all left, said he thought it was a pity to stop when there was any body to hear.
11. Don't hesitate to repeat what God uses.
12. Don't keep on talking just because you are holding the audience. Send them away hungry.
13. While people are gathering use the time with song.
14. Shoot where people stand. As the old Quaker said to the burglar, "Friend, I am going to shoot where thee stands. Thee had better get out of the way."
15. Don't gesture and move about too much, and don't talk with your hands in your pockets.

ON AN INDIAN RAILWAY.

The Chinese, being their own masters, have steadily and successfully resisted the introduction of railroads, but the poor natives of Hindostan have been obliged to see their land equipped with iron roads, and even the proudest of the Hindus have come to recognize the usefulness of the iron horse. A writer in the "Tribune" gives some features of travel on an Indian railway:

When it was proposed to introduce railways into India the Brahmins objected to the innovation on the ground that pilgrims to distant shrines might avail themselves of such a mode of conveyance, and thus lose the merit to be acquired by toilsome journeying on foot. Their fears were well-founded, for few trains arrive or depart that do not bear pilgrims to some shrine; and at some seasons of the year special trains called "pilgrim trains" are necessary, as the number of travelers is so great that they cannot be conveyed by the usual number. During a mela, or religious festival, the scene at a great railway station, like Allahabad, defies description. There are crowds of pilgrims, men, women, and children, the rich and the poor, the old and the young. Many have journeyed long distances and are worn and weary. To many it is the first experience of railway travel, and they feel a sense of relief when they tread the firm earth once more. When they reach their homes, what tales they will have to tell of the wonders of the railway—of the strange monster of iron and brass, "with wheels instead of feet, which eats coal and drinks water at every stage, breathes fire and smoke, pants like a horse, screams like an elephant, and is stronger and faster than either."

The same train that brings a swarm of pilgrims also takes away a multitude, many of whom bear back to their homes vessels filled with water from the sacred Ganges.

Whenever a train arrives at a station; from every window, as soon as the train is at rest, heads are thrust out and arms extended, each hand grasping a small brass vessel, and on every side are heard clamorous cries for *pani* (water)—cries which become more urgent each moment, as the suffering travelers fear that the train will rush away leaving their thirst unquenched. Water-carriers are at every station, with their water "bottles" slung across the back, ready to answer these clamorous cries. Venders of sweetmeats and fruits also improve the time, while trains are halting, to supply travelers, and as so many now are able to read we see books and tracts offered for sale at the railway trains, and they find ready purchasers.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

THERE were two houses, in a country town, not far apart. Both were comfortable as to external appearance, and in both were people in middle life, and young people ranging from ten to eighteen or twenty years of age. Neighbors, living under the same skies, breathing the same air, patronizing the same markets, attending the same church, belonging to the same social circle, may often be far apart, differing in tastes, aims, and habits, and getting out of what we call "life" dissimilar portions as to gain, enjoyment, or other advantage. This difference in the "lot" which falls to people is one of the perplexing problems of human experience. How does it come that some have such a hard time and some such an easy time? Did this man sin or his parents that he was born blind? Was this man so good or his parents such saints that he should be born with good eyes, good lungs, good legs, good blood, and a silver spoon in his mouth? Here is a question. How many brows have been wrinkled and knotted over it! How many heart-aches have been caused by it! And who can answer it?

LET us make our way into one of these houses, quietly and without fear of detection, as spirits may be imagined to do. Let us study the family and see with our own inner eyes how they do. There is a touch of luxury in the belongings of these bright rooms. The people here have all they need and more—much more. They do not need the rich rug that covers the floor. There is a warm, plain carpet or matting under it which would be enough to keep draughts of air out, to deaden footfalls, and to give an air of comfort. But over that useful floor-covering they have this expensive Oriental rug. It is very handsome. There are more chairs than they need. There are several costly pictures on the wall. The table is furnished richly with damask and silver and china. They have more than enough to eat. The dessert is never omitted, and it is, in most cases, not necessary to the preservation of life, nor always conducive to the health of the family. Warmth, color, beauty, abundance, comfort, elegance, enjoyment, are words that spring into speech as we survey the halls and rooms of this delightful home.

FROM the cage to the birds. Who are the favored people who live in this atmosphere of ease and refinement? They are well-to-do, intelligent, sensible folks—the best in the town. They are respected by all, visited by many, loved by those who would naturally love them—their relatives and most intimate friends. They have good blood and come of good blood. Three generations have lived in that one house—changed a little, to be sure, from time to time, but substantially the same that was built by the great-grandfather of the boy by the window, who sits, book in hand, softly scratching his fair forehead. See how closely he resembles the portrait on the wall yonder—his great-grandfather. They all go to church, belong to the church, study or teach in Sunday-school, work, clerk, or study during the week; never dissipate, go into the best society of the town, have no fear of poverty in years that are to follow, and look on life as a pleasant thing. They have had no funeral in that house since old grandmother died fifteen years ago, and if any doctor depended upon this family for a living he would have to get that living by charity. A prosperous, happy family, crowded with good things, and having at this time no serious trouble of any sort.

FROM one cage to another. With the silent tread of spirits we cross the street and pass through unopened doors into the house of our neighbors. And here we study home and occupants. Not so bright as the other, for the curtains are drawn and the outside shutters are half-closed. Good carpets, rugs, pictures, the touch of luxury, fine enough furniture, plenty of dishes of good pattern and best material—well, nothing is lacking. But the room is dim, and these good things are all a little worn. They have been used longer than in the house across the street. Good family again, good blood, and from good blood, but something has gone wrong. The very air of the room has a hint in it of disinfectants and deodorizers, in spite of the housekeeper's care to keep windows partly open and air as fresh as possible. Ah, well—it's a sad story. Cancer! It has eaten the hope and ambition out of the once strong man who lies in the next room; and a few months will hide the victim in the grave he longs for. Faithful wife she is whom we see moving slowly around the room on her mission of care and comfort. Weak and aching eyes, shattered nerves, a sensitive nature, shrinking from sight of suffering, and yet here she is. And in there—speak softly! in there he is! Hear his cough, his hard breathing, his half-smothered groan, as if pain were too much for truest heroism. Poor man! Poor woman! See the beautiful portrait on the wall over the piano! That was their only daughter. Beautiful as the spring-time she was. And last year she died. Do our readers know what it is to put into the grave a fair girl of twenty, with a heart full of love, hands strong for help, and an intellect of commanding power?

WE might name more of the elements of sorrow that are to be found in this house of affliction. The world is full of such homes. One need not travel far to find them. How can we explain the contrast between this and the house across the way? Well, let us frankly confess that we cannot remove the difficulties which gather about the case. There is a God of wisdom and of love and of far-reaching purposes. He is our Father. When we cannot explain we can trust. It may be the next appointment that Sorrow makes will be at the favored home over the way. The windows over there will be closed one of these days, and there will be a hearse at the door. Instead of laughter there will be moans of pain. It is, moreover, certain that every body in that house will go to the grave. It is only a question of time. The angel has come a little earlier to the neighbors we now pity. And they will the sooner be "over the river" to rejoice in the reunion of the saints. This world is not our permanent home. How wise are they who use its joys as not abusing them; who welcome Pain as a messenger of God; who welcome Death as a friend, and the Grave as a gate-way into life!

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for May 30, 1886. JESUS FEEDING FIVE THOUSAND.—John 6. 1–21. GOLDEN TEXT.—John 6. 35.

PREFATORY. In the north again. The Sea of Galilee (Gennesaret, or Tiberias) is a beautiful sheet of water, twelve miles long and six wide, among the mountains of north-eastern Palestine. I spent a night on its pebbly beach in April, 1863. The winds and the white-caps were out that night. Two days after I looked down on it from the summit of Safed. There the sea lay, three thousand feet below me, blue and peaceful on a Sabbath day. Beyond were the mountains where the Master went "with his disciples," and where afterward he went "alone," and over these waters he walked as a spirit in the dead of night when the winds were abroad.

INTERROGATORY. The country? The sea? The crowd? The principal attraction? The approaching feast? The question to Philip? Its object? The lad's lunch? The wonderful miracle? What did the people want to do with Jesus? What did he do? Why did he not consent to be made king? Tell the story of the night-miracle.

HOMILY. A miracle, valuable to the crowd that ate, but doubly valuable to the multitudes that read and understood its mystic meanings. What a good thing it is for this famishing world to have a Saviour able to provide for its necessities! What a wise thing it is for a man or a lad to go provided for his possible needs! How such foresight is often a blessing to others beyond expectation or thought! What a necessary thing system is, whether you feed a multitude with bread or knowledge! What a prudent thing economy is—by which one does not abuse the abundant gifts of God, but gathers and guards—that nothing be lost! Not long ago I listened to a practical sermon by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Van Meter, of Plainfield, N. J., on this text: "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." He made these two good points: 1. The principal parts of our life-occupations and possessions are determined for us by circumstances—the adjustment of time, and the use of money. 2. The fragments are determined by ourselves. What we shall do from seven in the morning until six in the evening is a question settled for us; but we can show wisdom by what we do with the minutes before seven and after six. A man is to be judged by what use he makes of fragments.

Jesus might have been made a king. He could have used his power to that end. He did not. He shunned all attempts to exalt him. He knew how much better it is to help the souls than to receive the human honors of men. He would rather withdraw from the crowd that glorified him by day, and then go in the darkness on the pathway of the sea to meet and console his chosen disciples.

PRAYER. O Thou Shepherd of souls—feed us lest we famish! Give us bread in the desert and comfort on the sea, and bring us in Thine own good time to the land to which we journey. Amen.

DELAY NOT—A PARABLE.

BY T. M. GRIFFITH.

THERE was once a famine in a far country. And, behold, there came a ship to the shore of that country, laden with precious provisions. For a king both merciful and mighty had heard the tidings of want and suffering and sent to their relief. Also there went forth heralds from the ship to all parts of the land, saying to the starving people, "Ho, all ye hungry ones, both great and small, come to the ship and drive your wants away! For there is enough and to spare. Come, buy, without money and without price!" And, lo, the heralds did stand on every hill-top, and on the corners of all the streets, calling the people to come.

Now it came to pass that many went to the shore and were filled with plenty. Moreover, they did carry to those they loved, and to the feeble and sickly who could not come for themselves. But there were some who said, "It cannot be that any ship has come from afar; neither will we go and see for ourselves, for we have no faith in such things." And others said, "We are too busy to go to the ship; we have too many cares, and time doth fail us that we cannot go." And still others said, "It is time enough yet; we will go by and by, but not now."

But at last the time came for the ship to depart. And that same day came many to the shore, saying, "Where is the ship? For we would fain have bread, neither have we aught to eat." And looking across the waters they beheld the white sails dim and distant on the sea. And they stood upon the shore weeping and gnashing their teeth.

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That boycotting is justifiable.

Summing Up—Affirmative.

THE arguments of the affirmative have been essentially the following:

1. A man has a perfect right to withdraw his custom from a firm whom he distrusts or deems unworthy of his patronage. A large number of people may be influenced by the same feeling toward the same firm, and as a body cease to have dealings with it. This is the true "boycott," and is perfectly defensible.

2. Because the "boycott" is abused it should not be accounted unjustifiable any more than the "strike," which all indorse when it is not carried beyond the point of simply ceasing to work with a view to adjusting difficulties.

3. If a man suspects the character of a firm's goods, or believes the company dishonest and unjust, he has a right to try to persuade others not to patronize the offending house. If no misrepresentation is employed, the boycott is right.

From these considerations the affirmative take the position that the "boycott," in the true and original meaning of the term, is justifiable.

T. S. R.

Negative.

Five members of the Debating Club have presented arguments to prove that the boycott is not justifiable. It has been shown that the boycott is not only unchristian, but that it is also robbery, tyranny, conspiracy, and a wrong assumption of power by individuals.

Boycotting is unchristian, for it is in direct opposition to the Golden Rule and to the teachings of Him who said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor." It is robbery, because it deprives persons of the means of making a living. One person has no more right to interfere with another's business than he has to interfere with his personal liberty, to knock him down, or to break into his house. It is tyranny, because it compels submission by the use of threats and actual violence. It is conspiracy under the legal definition of that crime—"The association of two or more persons to injure the life or property of another." It is, moreover, an unauthorized assumption of power, for disputes which are serious enough to call for such a barbarous weapon as the boycott are worthy of the attention of the courts of justice. The law, not the brickbat and boycott, must be the arbiter of disputes. IDA A.

Next Subject.

Resolved, That manual training should form part of the public-school course.

Affirmative arguments should be sent to OUR YOUTH, *Plainfield, N. J., before May 29 or June 5; negative before June 12 or June 19, 1886.*

OFFICIAL INVITATION.

ALL readers of OUR YOUTH are cordially invited to participate in the exercises of the Children's Day, June 13, 1886.

A beautiful programme for the occasion has been prepared in which spaces are allotted for addresses and recitations for many of you.

For a condensed statement of the objects of the day, see Editor's Note-Book, page 365, in the issue of this paper for May 8.

If any of you desire to know more about the educational system and enterprises of our Church, apply through your pastors, at 805 Broadway, New York, to BISHOP HARRIS, *President*, or REV. D. P. KIDDER, *Corresponding Secretary*, of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

THE royal banners forward go. We are following One whose standard goes down before no onset because upheld by immortal hands, and the slow and stately movement of centuries has in our time quickened to swift majesty of march to carry to supremacy the Lordship of Christ. If this is not true, the casual connection of fortuitous events leaves history the most baffling of puzzles and the "philosophy" of it a word without meaning.—*Dr. R. S. Storrs.*

THE battle of life is won,
And heaven begun,
When we can say, "Thy will be done."—*Lucy Larcom.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

THE Jackson Street Methodist Episcopal Church of *St. Paul, Minnesota*, has an Oxford League. It was started by the pastor, Rev. R. Forbes, and although not organized for the holding of regular meetings is doing the required readings of the Initial and Second Grades. "We have so many meetings," says Mr. Forbes, "that it is next to impossible to add another regular gathering every week, or even every month; but we have set our young people at work reading Mr. McGee's valuable little book on 'Outlines of Methodism,' the 'Oxford League Series,' and 'Our Own Church Series.' We shall hold an occasional meeting and gradually get our young people organized." This is a valuable plan, and may be adopted anywhere. The simple reading of the several required series will be a step toward the increase of intelligence and loyalty among the youth of Methodism.

THE *Catholic idea* should be strongly urged in the training of our young people. There is one, glorious, "Holy Catholic Church." We as Methodist Episcopalians are a part of it. The word "Catholic" is from the Greek *Katholikos*, universal, from the expression *κατ' ὅλον* (*Katholon*), as a whole. It is absurdly applied to the *Roman* Church, which is any thing but *Catholic*. The "whole" Church, the "general" or "universal" Church, is the one Church which embraces all who believe in, love, and serve the Lord Jesus Christ. It embraces individuals in all the denominations. Thousands of Romanists are also members of the Holy Catholic Church. Let us train our young people to discriminate between "Roman Catholic" and "Holy Catholic." It would be well never to apply the term "Catholic" to the Roman Church. Call it the "Roman Church," or call its people "Romanists," that we may learn to *think* of the "Holy Catholic" and "Catholic" Church as the one, universal, all-embracing Church, of which Christ is the head, and of which all believing and saintly souls are members.

THE *apostolic idea* is to be emphasized. The Methodist Episcopal Church is a branch of the Church founded by Jesus Christ and his apostles. It has the divine succession, and our young Methodist Episcopal people may look all the way back and trace an unbroken line of spiritual and ecclesiastical descent from the earliest days to the present. The ordination of ministers was so provided for in the very beginning that there can never be a lack of authority in the visible Church. The claims of "apostolic succession" are of course absurd. Never be misled by them.

THE *connectional* idea. Our Church is not made up of ten thousand independencies bound by ropes of sand, but is a unity like a living body, closely connected by doctrinal theory, by ecclesiastical institutions, by connectional bonds under one official supervision, having the spirit and privileges of a republic under the unity of the kingdom of God. The itinerancy as a system of ministerial supply is based on the idea that the whole Church should be cared for, talent wisely distributed, and the whole Church be helped as well as one, or ten, or a thousand congregations.

THE *experimental* idea. Our Church has always emphasized, and still proclaims, the possibility of a personal conscious relation to Christ, the witness of the Spirit, growth in grace, the perfection of love, the fullness of God.

THE *educational* idea. Our Church has always favored culture. It began in Oxford in a group of earnest students. It has been compelled to yield to the pressure of practical necessity, and send out many non-collegians into its ministry. Ignorance has sometimes begotten fanaticism, and prejudice among the large masses of people rescued from the nethermost stratum through Methodistic influence has sometimes sneered at education, but on the whole the Church has been the firmest friend of the highest culture, and to-day is perhaps doing more than any denomination on earth for the promotion of education in every class of society.

THE *social* idea. Our Church, from the days of Lady Huntingdon to the days of Mrs. President Hayes, has been represented by people of the highest taste and culture. It has not lingered in the homes of the rich and educated, nor lost its right and power to hold its own in the loftiest circles of human society, but it has, like the Master, persisted in burrowing to the very depths to bring out of darkness and shame the depraved multitudes for whom Christ died. It has with emphasis eschewed "worldly society." It has not denounced worldly amusements as such, but it has always promoted culture, refinement, and rational society, and a pure and legitimate æstheticism.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

ON ORATORY.

LAST week we had a few words to say about spoken discourse as a part of our social life, and as a means of communicating ideas in an agreeable manner. It has a higher sphere of influence in the form to which the name of oratory has been given. An oration is a spoken discourse delivered by one man before a company of hearers. The printed form of the discourse is not, strictly speaking, an oration, although it is usually given that name. The printed discourse without the voice and magnetism of the living orator is no more an oration than the painting is the landscape which it represents.

Orations may be divided into three general classes, convincing, persuasive, eulogistic.

Many centuries ago a visitor at Athens might have heard a man declaiming with all the force of voice and gesture against a certain Philip of Macedon. He tries by arguments to convince his hearers that the only wise course is resistance, and then strives by arousing their patriotism to incite them to resolute action. Demosthenes was one of the greatest orators who ever addressed the ears of men. From the study of the orations which have been reported for us, we learn that the orators have understood the twofold nature of man and have worked with that in view. Man has an intellectual and an emotional side to his nature. Upon the proportion existing between these elements his character largely depends. When the first predominates in a man he is likely to be cold and unsympathetic. When on the other hand the second is the more prominent, he is unthinking, impetuous, and vacillating. In varying proportions, however, these two elements are present in the character of every man, and he who would appeal to his fellows must not fail to keep this fact in mind.

To proceed with the division of the subject we have made, we will consider the three kinds of orations.

The convincing oration is addressed to the mind, and must therefore be clear and logical. If necessary, when the intellect has been satisfied, an appeal to the emotions is in order.

The persuasive oration partakes of the character of the convincing oration, in that the intellect is first satisfied, and then the emotions are strongly wrought upon. A well-balanced man cannot be induced to do a thing until he is satisfied that it is wise, and it often requires more than mere conviction that a thing is right to influence a man to do it.

The eulogistic oration is a tribute to either a man, a nation, or a cause, and abounds in appeals to all the best emotions of men.

The oration given by Antony over the body of Cæsar, in Shakespeare's play of *Julius Cæsar*, combines all the characteristics of the oration. Antony convinces the populace that Cæsar was their friend, extols the virtue of the dead conqueror, and finally, by his sarcasm and pathos, arouses the crowd to a pitch of fury where they are ready to do his bidding.

TO YOUNG WRITERS.

PROF. A. S. HILL of Harvard, after speaking of the dangers which are to be apprehended from the careless use of adjectives, remarks as follows:

So common a fault is this that some critics have made war upon the adjective, as if it were a part of speech peculiarly liable to abuse. They would have a young writer strike out of his compositions every adjective, as other critics advise him to omit every passage which he particularly likes; but both counsels are grounded on the unwarranted assumption either that a young writer has no judgment, or that he is more likely to be bombastic than to be tame. Undoubtedly the judgment of a young writer is less trustworthy than that of a writer of experience; and on that very account he needs to make himself familiar with the best models of style, and to submit his compositions to criticism; but to counsel him to total abstinence in this thing or in that thing is to teach him temperance in nothing. Undoubtedly he should avoid tawdry epithets; but he should be at least equally upon his guard against uninterested and uninteresting tameness. One might as well prohibit the use of figurative language, because mixed metaphors are worse than none, as to recommend the disuse of adjectives because they are often misused.

WANTED, CRITICS.

WE have here a few sentences for the readers of OUR YOUTH to criticise. Are they grammatically correct? Are they properly arranged? Are all the words rightly used?

Bread is the only substance on which the human body can alone be supported.

His silence aggravated me excessively.

A man who works hard all day, and makes flute playing his nightly vocation, is worthy of condign punishment.

A deadly paleness overspread her face when she realized the enormousness of the crime.

Lost, a cow by an old maid, with brass tips on her horns.

He led the way into a luxuriant apartment, and ordered a servant to bring a healthy meal.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

"England, with all thy faults I love thee still."
—*William Cowper.*

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."—*Robert Burns.*

"Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains."—*Aaron Hill.*

RECREATION.

[In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.]

An Æsthetic Concert.

Of all the entertainments that find either their origin or point in the so-called æstheticism which we are apt to associate with knickerbockers, long hair and sun-flowers, the æsthetic concert is one of the most amusing and attractive.

The central idea of the concert consists in having the performers personate different flowers, which are carefully tended by a gardener—the leader of the chorus.

The flower effect is secured in a novel way. On a large screen of canvas or unbleached muslin, a number of flowers—the rose, pansy, violet, sun-flower, etc.—are painted, and the stems so intertwined as to form a bouquet of large flowers. In the center of each flower an oval aperture is cut just large enough for a person's face. The piece cut out may be so arranged that on the withdrawal of the living center it may be restored to the opening. This screen should be hung across the end of the room or hall where the concert is to be given, and a scaffolding of tables, boxes, and barrels prepared, so that the persons who are to take the parts of the various flowers may find no difficulty in reaching their appropriate windows in the screen.

The best singers should be selected as soloists, and the places behind the screen assigned to them. The others, forming the chorus, are given positions in front of the animated bouquet. Head-dresses of tissue paper are used to suggest the flowery character of the outside singers. If, for example, a young lady is to represent a daisy, her pretty face is surrounded first by a halo of yellow tissue paper made like the frill of an old-fashioned cap, and then outside of this is added a broad and flaring band of white tissue paper. A hemisphere of green paper on the back of the head forms the calyx of the flower. Many ideas will naturally suggest themselves to ingenious people who undertake to dress flowers for an æsthetic concert.

The programme of the concert should include as far as possible songs about flowers. The different screen flowers should give solos. "The Last Rose of Summer," "Only a Pansy Blossom," "Sweet Violets," are hackneyed, to be sure, but are none the worse on that account for use in an æsthetic concert.

It is well to open the concert by a general solo and chorus. Number the different screen flowers singing appropriate solos, and the whole garden joining in the chorus. For this purpose some popular song should be selected, and, if possible, new words written for the occasion. Then follow solos by the screen flowers, an occasional chorus by the others, and at last a grand finale in which all join.

A few musical young people would find little difficulty in preparing an excellent programme for an æsthetic concert.

The part of the gardener is an important one, as he is expected to introduce a large proportion of the amusing element. A person of some natural humor and originality therefore should be selected to fill this position. He must provide himself with a hoe, spade, rake, sprinkling-pot, etc., and must carefully tend the flowers. It causes a momentary laugh if several of the flowers raise concealed umbrellas when the gardener goes on his rounds with the sprinkling-pot.

The æsthetic concert, rightly conducted, is sure to be a success. It is bright, pretty, and entertaining. Try it.

Tennis-Serving.

There are two ways of serving a tennis ball, the *overhand* and the *underhand*.

The *overhand serve* consists in tossing the ball above the head with the left hand and striking it with the racket held firmly in the right. The overhand serve may be made swiftly, but it is not so likely to be accurate as the *underhand*, in which the ball is held in the left hand and dropped upon the racket as it is brought forward and upward by the right hand, the arm swinging freely from the shoulder.

Many players use both methods in serving, the overhand for the first ball, and if that is a fault, the underhand for the second. It is not wise to put all dependence on the first ball. It will be remembered that in tennis the object of each player is (1) to put the ball on the opponent's side of the net, and (2) to put it there so he cannot return it.

In serving, the second point is always prominent in the mind of the server. He wants to send the ball into the service court so swiftly that his opponent cannot return it. As a result the first ball is sent furiously, and in a majority of cases goes into the net, or out of bounds, and is a "fault." After this, all depends upon getting the second ball into court. It is served slowly, bounds high, and is sent back so hard that the server himself cannot return it.

The moral of this is: Better serve two balls in the same way, both returnable, but not such that the receiver can "do what he pleases with them," than serve one hard ball which seldom strikes the court, and one easy ball which he can "kill," that is, send back so swiftly that the player is unable to return it.

The Inter-collegiate Games.

As in the days of the Olympian games in Greece the different countries sent representatives to contend for prizes in foot races, chariot races, weight throwing, etc., our colleges have organized an Inter-collegiate Athletic Association which provides a yearly tournament in which men from the various colleges compete, not for palm and parsley, but for medals of gold and silver.

Every May these contests are held in New York city, on the grounds of one of the amateur athletic clubs. Crowds of college men are in attendance to cheer their favorites on to the coveted victory. There are thirteen different "events," as the contests are called: the 100 yds. dash, 220 yds. dash, 440 yds. (¼ mile) run, half-mile run, one mile run, 120 yds. hurdle race, one mile walk, two mile bicycle race, running broad-jump, running high-jump, putting the shot, throwing the hammer, and the tug-of-war.

Many of these events we have described in this department. The hurdle race is run over ten hurdles 3 ft. 6 in. high, and is a very pretty race to watch, as the runners bound gracefully over the obstructions. Good time for a hurdle race varies from 17 to 19 seconds.

Putting the shot is a Scotch practice. The "shot" is a round iron ball weighing 16 lbs. This is thrown from the shoulder in one hand. 36 or 38 ft. is a good throw.

The "hammer" is a 16-pound shot provided with a long handle of supple hickory. The thrower grasps the handle with both hands, and after swinging the shot three or four times around his head, relaxes his grip and permits the hammer to fly off in a tangent. The hammer is usually thrown about 75 or 80 ft. in college contests.

The superiority of any one college in the Inter-collegiate games is determined and recognized as follows: In every event there are two prizes, the first a gold, the second a silver medal. The college whose representatives win the largest number of first prizes becomes possessor of a handsome gold and silver cup for a year, that is, until the next games. Thus in addition to the interest centered in the contests themselves, there is the exciting question, "Who will win the cup?" Harvard holds the cup at present, and soon the other colleges will have an opportunity to wrest it from her if they can.

Base-Ball Problems.

3. Three men on base. Batter hits to short-stop. What is the right play?

4. Man on third base. Batter hits a fly to right field. What is runner's play?

5. Man on first, second, or third base. Wild pitch goes into the crowd and is touched by a spectator. What is pitcher's play?

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

There is a growing demand for Sunday-school teachers of the right kind—Sunday-school teachers who are full of the spirit of self-sacrifice.

The best kind of Sunday-school teachers are those who make self-sacrifice and don't know that it is self-sacrifice, seeing that they find such delight in loving and teaching and helping the children committed to them.

The mission school in North Chicago under the pastoral care of Rev. John O. Foster, and under the superintendency of Prof. Nightengale, is packed with little children—the smallest we ever saw in Sunday-school. It is a box of living sardines. How they do "sit close," and squirm, and sing, and say verses! A good work is going on that deserves the support of all saints who believe in taking care of the little ones.

Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church is the name of the old Grant Place Church in North Chicago. Dr. M. M. Parkhurst is pastor, G. W. Barnett, Esq., superintendent. It is a building of great beauty, and has such a crowd of young people as one seldom finds in a Church. We expect an Oxford League to be organized in Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church.

The little daughter of one of our leading Church editors thus prayed one evening for her old grandfather, one of the gentlest and tenderest men in the world: "O Lord, bless my grandpa, and if this day he has been naughty and pulled grandma around, and tore the hair out of her head, forgive him."

The Pullman sleeping cars on the roads running westward from Chicago are more elegant than those in use on the eastern roads. With a full section and a table in one of these cars on a smooth prairie-bottom western railroad one can do literary work as thoroughly as in the study or office at home. And in this palatial rolling study one is never interrupted by calls.

What a fine descriptive passage is that in Wordsworth's poem on "Influence of Natural Objects:"

> "All shod with steel,
> We hissed along the polished ice."

Col. W. H. Gilder, who was a member of the *Jeannette* search party under Lieut. Schwatka, has decided to start alone for the North Pole. He will live among the Esquimaux and travel by sledge and dogs. The colonel has already contributed several interesting articles to Our Youth, and we can promise our readers some very thrilling accounts of arctic travel when this solitary explorer returns.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Great Britain—England and Wales.

(Area, 58,186 sq. miles; population, 25,974,439; ruler, Queen Victoria.)

ENGLAND and Wales occupy the larger part of the island of Great Britain. Wales is a small and very mountainous district. The surface of England is generally low and level, rising to some height in the northern counties, while a line of hills stretches southward from the Scottish border forming the watershed of the island. The fertility of the soil, and the moist and temperate climate, favor the growth of grass and grain, and nearly all the land is cultivated. As in Ireland and Scotland, the farmers do not own their lands, but lease them from the great proprietors. The high rents and the competition of America, Australia, and Russia have brought about great distress in the agricultural regions. Deposits of iron and coal have fitted England for a manufacturing center, and a large proportion of the people depend for their living upon the manufacture of textiles and metallic wares. The foreign trade of England is the largest in the world, and much of the commerce of other nations is carried on in British ships. London, the capital, is the largest city on the globe, and there are twenty other cities whose population exceeds 100,000. England possesses a magnificent colonial empire, and supports an army and navy at an annual expense of $150,000,000. The established Church is the Protestant Episcopal, but dissenters are nearly as numerous and are granted absolute freedom of worship. Education is generally diffused.

Rome conquered the Britons, and after ruling them for four hundred years, left them in the fifth century the prey of the Angles and Saxons from the German main-land. These conquerors were converted to Christianity in the seventh century, and their separate kingdoms were united by King Alfred (871–901), who gave an impetus to literature and law. The Danes ruled the country a few years (1013–1042), but gave way to the Normans. Duke William of Normandy defeated the English in the battle of Hastings (1066), and seized the crown. He introduced the language and customs of France. The Norman kings neglected the rights of their subjects, until, in 1215, the barons forced King John to sign the Great Charter of English liberty.

Ireland was invaded in 1171, and Wales was subdued in 1285. The struggle with Scotland ended in the independence of that kingdom (1342). By the thirteenth century the powers of Parliament had begun to be recognized. For a hundred years (1339–1453) France and England fought an intermittent war which ended in the overthrow of the English claims to French territory. The civil wars of "The Roses" between the rival houses of York and Lancaster ceased in 1485, and Henry Tudor became king of England. Under his son, Henry VIII., occurred the English reformation, by which the English Church cut loose from the Church of Rome. Elizabeth, his daughter, strengthened the reformed faith. Her reign (1558–1603) is famous for its authors, soldiers, and navigators. In 1603 James Stuart of Scotland succeeded to the crown of England, but he and his son, Charles I., were tyrannical; the disputes between the latter and his Parliament led to his execution and the establishment of the Commonwealth, with Cromwell at its head. Two years after Cromwell's death the Stuarts were recalled, but James II. was deposed in the revolution of 1688 on account of his Catholic sympathies. Since that time England has been ruled by Protestants. In 1607 England and Scotland were united. The German Prince George was elected to the throne in 1714, and his descendants (the Brunswick line) still occupy the throne. The long reign of George III. is noted for the revolt of the American colonies, the union of Great Britain and Ireland, and the continental war which ended at Waterloo in 1815. Queen Victoria ascended the throne in 1837. Her reign has been marked by wonderful progress of the kingdom in manufactures and commerce, for colonial wars, and for a growing jealousy of Russia in Eastern and Asiatic politics. For fifty years England has been confronted by disorder in Ireland, and the problem of the present is how to restore good order in that island.

THE following are the closing stanzas of Tennyson's ode, which was sung at the opening of the Colonial Exhibition at London May 4, 1886:

Britain fought her sons of yore;
Britain failed, and nevermore,
Careless of our growing kin,
Shall we sin our fathers' sin:
Men that in a narrower day—
Unprophetic rulers they—
Drove from out the mother's nest
That young eagle of the West
To forage for herself alone.
Britons, hold your own!

Sharers of our glorious past,
Brothers, must we part at last?
Shall not we, through good and ill,
Cleave to one another still?
Britain's myriad voices call:
Sons, be welded, each and all,
Into one imperial whole;
One with Britain, heart and soul;
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne!
Britons, hold your own!
And God guard all!

Nova Scotia and the Dominion.

THERE has existed for some time among the people of Nova Scotia a feeling of discontent with the present government. A resolution recently adopted by the legislature of the province gives frank expression to this dissatisfaction and recommends the dissolution of the union with Canada.

The mutual relations of the Canadian provinces are regulated by an act of the British Parliament, which came into operation July 1, 1867. Under this act has grown up a federal union composed of seven provinces: Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba, British Columbia, and Prince Edward Island. This is the Dominion of Canada. Newfoundland refused to enter the confederation, and remains directly dependent upon the British crown.

The chief executive authority of the Dominion is exercised by a British governor-general, who is assisted by a cabinet of ministers. The laws are made by a Parliament of two branches—a Senate and House of Commons. The senators are nominated for life by the governor-general, and the commoners are elected by vote of the people. In addition to the central government, with its seat at Ottawa, each of the seven provinces has a lieutenant-governor and a legislature of its own. The provincial legislatures are empowered to regulate matters of local importance so long as they do not interfere with the laws of the Dominion.

The province of Nova Scotia, including Cape Breton Island, is half as large as the State of Ohio, and contains a population of 440,000. Its borders are deeply indented by the sea, and its coast-line of a thousand miles abounds in excellent harbors. A large proportion of the people naturally depend upon the sea for sustenance. One half of the shipping of the whole Dominion is owned in this single province. The close proximity of the fishing grounds also gives the Nova Scotians peculiar advantages over the fishermen from New England. As a distinctively maritime province Nova Scotia feels that her interests are slighted by the Dominion Parliament. Ten of the seventy-seven senators, and twenty-one of the two hundred and thirteen members of the Commons, are Nova Scotians, but this delegation is weak in comparison with the representation of the great agricultural and lumbering provinces of the West. Some of the people of Nova Scotia think that the laws which are adapted to the needs of the West are injurious to the commercial East; they think that the Canadian customs system destroys their trade, and they ask to be released from the central authority. Their desire, apparently, is to establish a colonial government like that of Newfoundland. To accomplish this it will be necessary for the British Parliament to consent to a change in the act of 1867 which forms the constitution of the Dominion of Canada.

The Captured Fishing Schooner.

BY the termination of the "fishery clauses" of the Treaty of Washington, the rights and privileges of American fishermen on the coasts of the Canadian provinces are regulated by an old agreement made in 1818. This treaty says of the coast waters: "The American fishermen shall be permitted to enter such bays or harbors for the purpose of shelter and of repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood and obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever." This tacitly prohibits the purchase of bait or ice within the three-mile limit to which the jurisdiction of Canada extends. A fishing vessel from Gloucester, Mass., was seized at Digby, Nova Scotia, May 7, by a Canadian cruiser on the lookout for offenders against the fishery laws. The charge which has been brought against the vessel is the violation of the treaty and of certain acts of Parliament by the purchase of herring for bait in Canadian waters.

This seizure, which may involve the forfeiture of both ship and cargo, has called forth retaliatory measures on the part of the New England members of Congress. Resolutions were passed asking the State Department to investigate the case, and bills were introduced in both Houses authorizing the adoption of similar hostile measures against Canadian vessels found in our ports. This incident should lead to a new and satisfactory agreement between these two great countries which cannot afford to have their friendly relations so easily disturbed.

Opposition to Home Rule.

WHILE the people of this country are holding meetings and sending messages of support and congratulation to the English Premier, the movement against the Home Rule proposals

is apparently gaining ground in England and Scotland. On the tenth of May the bill again came up in the House of Commons and Mr. Gladstone made another plea in its favor, closing by moving that the bill be read a second time. More than one hundred members have given notice of their intention to speak on this motion, and the debate will probably be prolonged. It was expected that the Premier's speech would be in the nature of a compromise; that in order to win back his former supporters he would modify or omit the most objectionable clauses in the bill. One of the strongest objections to the act is that, while establishing a Parliament at Dublin for dealing with Irish matters, it removes the Irishmen from the imperial Parliament at London, thus excluding them altogether from participation in national legislation. It is much as though the representatives and senators of an American State were to be removed from Congress, the State being left with a legislature capable of regulating only local affairs. To the demand for Irish representation at London Mr. Gladstone admitted that the bill might be so modified as to allow the presence of Irishmen in Parliament on certain occasions of unusual national importance, or a joint commission might be established through which in some ill-defined manner Ireland might exercise an influence upon the policy of the nation. These somewhat vague concessions were considered unsatisfactory, and the opposition seems to be increasing. Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hartington, both of them former members of Mr. Gladstone's government, are leading the attack on the bill, and behind them are the solid ranks of the Conservatives, under Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill. The religious aspect of the case has been forced to the front. It is reported that the Protestants of the Province of Ulster will resist Home Rule at the cost of civil war, rather than intrust their lives and property to the mercies of a Parliament which would contain a majority of Roman Catholics. All the prejudices of race and religion, and the inborn British spirit of conservatism, are working against this effort to bring about a settlement of the Irish Question, and the success of the bill is by no means assured.

A Brief Survey.

Since the outbreak of mob violence in Chicago and Milwaukee, the labor troubles have attracted less attention, and there are indications of a more settled condition of affairs.——The Democrats of the Ohio State Senate having left that body without a quorum for the transaction of business, the Republicans present May 8 voted to admit the four men who claimed to have been elected last November. The Democrats protest against this action as illegal.——The Indians of Geronimo's band are still on the war-path in Arizona, and several murders are reported.——The anarchist leader, Johann Most, was arrested in New York, May 11, for incendiary speeches. He had been hiding from the New York police since April 23. Most was a noted socialist in Germany and a member of the German Parliament. He was banished from that country a few years ago under the anti-socialist laws, and, after publishing a paper in London, came to New York, where, through his organ, "Freiheit" (Freedom), he has preached the most extreme doctrines of anarchy and assassination.——The Army Appropriation Bill has passed the House of Representatives, and the Inter-State Commerce Bill, to regulate railroad freight charges, passed the Senate May 12.——The President sent two messages to Congress May 11, one recommending an appropriation of money to pay the cost of inaugurating the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, the other calling attention to the situation in Utah, where the legislature is not in session, and there is no money in the treasury.——Storms of wind and rain destroyed much property and many lives in the Central States May 12.

The king of Greece accepted the resignations of his cabinet May 9. Valvis was appointed premier and formed a new ministry May 12. The new government is expected to summon Parliament and withdraw the nation as gracefully as possible from its present awkward position.——It is said that the Bohemian members of the Austrian Parliament will soon introduce a bill limiting instruction in the German language to the higher schools.

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"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—We know she loves the pretty birds, the joyous feathered throng
That wake the summer morning with the music of their song—
The robin that with cheery lay salutes the breaking dawn
Ere he rakes in the early worm that squirms upon the lawn;
The bluebird and the bobolink and little Tommy Tit,
And e'en the homely sparrows that upon the fences sit—
Yes, every little bird she loves—we say so, and that's flat,
Because the maiden never wore a bird upon her hat.—*Boston Courier.*

—At the Race Fair, Thornhill, in Upper Nithsdale, England, a farmer was trying to engage a lad to assist on the farm, but he would not finish the bargain until he brought a character from his last place, so he said,

"Run away and get it and meet me at the cross at four o'clock."

The youth was up to time, and the farmer said,

"Well, have you got your character with you?"

"No," replied the youth, "but I've got yours, an' I'm no comin'."

—The New York "Tribune" believes the Panama Canal will be completed in the time allowed, because M. de Lesseps is "moving heaven and earth" to accomplish that end. M. de Lesseps would get on faster, though, if he would move less heaven and more earth.—*San Francisco Wasp.*

—An epistle of a novel character passed through the post-office recently. The novelty consisted in the material upon which it was written, which was a gentleman's linen cuff. There was nothing unusual in the contents, which were simply a dun, couched in the following language:

"Please call around and pay your wash bill. Your laundryman."

The cuff was adorned with a two-cent stamp.—*Portland Oregonian.*

—This was an actual reading in a Somerville grammar school the other day, by a big boy, of the passage in the reader which tells how Longfellow took possession of the Craigie house and lived an ideal life there:

"After this, Longfellow retired to the carriage house, and there lived an almost idle life!"—*Boston Record.*

—The manifesto of the Chicago dynamiters contained the following sentence, which was not intended to be funny:

"If you are men, if you are the *sons of your grandsires*, who have shed their blood to free you, then you will rise in your might, Hercules, and destroy the hideous monster that seeks to destroy you. To arms we call you, to arms! YOUR BROTHERS."

—A man afflicted with deafness took a prescription to a Topeka druggist, who filled it with care and in the latest style. The deaf man asked the price, when the following talk occurred:

Druggist (leaning on the counter and smiling in a wont-you-pay-up sort of manner)—The price is seventy-five cents."

"Deaf customer—"Five cents? Here it is."

Druggist (in a louder voice)—Seventy-five cents, please."

Deaf customer—"Well, there's your five cents."

Druggist (in a very loud voice and very firm manner)—"I said *seventy*-five cents."

Deaf customer (getting angry)—"Well, what more do you want? I just gave you your five cents."

Druggist (soto voce)—"Well, go to thunder with your medicine; I made three cents any way."—*Drug Record.*

—Mamma—"Why don't you move out of the sun, Kitty, if it troubles you so?"

Kitty—"'Cause I got here first."—*Life.*

—The most terrible weapon of the American socialist is his jawbone. He has the same variety of jawbone, too, with which Samson did such execution among the Philistines.—*Kansas City Times.*

—"What do the eight-hour people propose to do with their two extra hours when they get them?" queries the Philadelphia "Inquirer." It is suspected that they intend to assist the women folks in their household duties, and thus reduce the latter's hours of labor from sixteen hours to fourteen a day.—*Norristown Herald.*

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